

ESTABLISHED 1823.

INDIANAPOLIS, MONDAY MORNING, AUGUST 24, 1891.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

## A WIFE

—FOR—

\$5.90

Can buy for her husband one of those excellent suits upon which there has been such a run for the past two weeks

—AT THE—

ORIGINAL EAGLE

5 &amp; 7 West Washington St.

MURPHY, HIBBEN & CO.,  
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS

(Wholesale Exclusively.)

INTENDING purchasers of Fall and Winter Merchandise can find with us not only a very complete stock of all leading lines, Staples and Novelties, but many SPECIALTIES. Men's wear Woolens and Trimmings, Fine Blankets and Flannels, Special-made Yarns, Wool Skirtings, our own designs; Floor Oil-Cloths and Linoleums, Hemp Carpets, Window Shades and Fixtures, Curtain Poles and Trimmings, etc., etc.

In all of these, as with entire stock of all departments, we successfully compete with any market. None of these SPECIALTIES are "side issues." We do business in them with the largest users in this city and throughout the State.

## SPECIAL.

We shall place on sale Aug. 26 some 75 to 100 packages of goods damaged by water in our storage basements on Wednesday last. Goods offered are most desirable, comprising Lancaster and Amoskeag Gingham, Indigo, Robe, Staple and Fancy Prints, Shirts, Corset Jeans, Kid Cambrics, Carpet Warps, Blankets, etc., etc.

## MEN'S CHAMPION BOOTS AT \$24.

Bottomed entirely by hand. 4-6 at \$22; 1-5 at \$20; 1-3 at \$19; less the usual discount.

McKEE & CO., Wholesale Boots, Shoes and Rubbers,  
93 and 95 South Meridian Street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Cleveland, Cincinnati,  
Chicago & St. Louis.

BIG 4  
ROUTE.

HARVEST EXCURSIONS

Aug. 25, Sept. 15 and 29,

TO PRINCIPAL POINTS

West, Northwest,  
Southwest and South

Harvest Excursion Tickets will be sold by "Big Four" Route to all points authorized by the Central Traffic Association, Aug. 25, Sept. 15 and 29. For particulars call on "Big Four" agents.

For tickets and full information call at Big Four office, No. 1 East Washington street, No. 138 South Illinois street and Union Station.  
H. M. BRONSON, A. G. P. A.

Take a Plunge in Salt Water.

On Wednesday, Aug. 26, the C. H. & D. R. R. will sell round-trip tickets to

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.,

At rate of \$18.50. Tickets are good to return till Sept. 10, inclusive.

\$2.50 to Cincinnati and Return

— VIA —

C. H. &amp; D. R. R.,

— TO SEE THE —

"Last Days of Pompeii."

The annual spectacle given by the Order of Cincinnati will this year be the "Last Days of Pompeii," one of the most magnificent spectacles which will be produced with the perfection of the Manhattan Beach display. On Aug. 27 the C. H. & D. R. R. will run an excursion from Indianapolis to Cincinnati and return at a rate of 1 cent per mile. The tickets will be good returning Aug. 28.

Excursion to NIAGARA FALLS,

— VIA THE —

C. H. &amp; D. and ERIE R. R.'S.

THURSDAY, Aug. 27, 43 Round Trip, \$6 to Toronto and return. \$10 to Thousand Islands and return.

For further information call at C. H. &amp; D. R. R. ticket office, corner Kentucky ave. and Illinois street, and Union Station. H. J. RHEIN, General Agent.

BRUSH BRILLIANCY

Arc and Incandescence

ELECTRIC LIGHTS

For particulars address

THE BRUSH ELECTRIC CO.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

NEW PLANING MILL,

106 to 174 South New Jersey street.

E. H. ELDRIDGE &amp; CO.

All kinds of house-finish Lumber, Shingles, etc.

WAGON WHEAT

We will to-day pay 98c.

ACME MILLING CO.,

252 West Washington St.

Clearing this afternoon.

## 'NOUGH SAID

25 per cent. dis-

count on all Light-

Weight Clothing at

## THE WHEN

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## MOB PATROLLED THE STREET

Scenes Following the Cutting Down of Desperado Hawkins's Body Yesterday.

Coroner Bruce, Brother of the Wounded Shelbyville Marshal, Would Not Permit the Ghastly Object to Dangle Over Sunday.

Morbidly Curious Citizens Clamoring for a Chance to View the Remains.

Don Bruce's Life Still Hanging by a Thread. Though There is Chance for Recovery—Inquest on Hawkins's Body.

## LYNCHERS WELL PLEASED.

They Practically Control the Streets and Do Not Fear the Law.

SHELBYVILLE, Ind., Aug. 23.—The cold and rain-soaked body of Charles Hawkins, hung by a mob here last night for the shooting of Marshal Don Bruce, was cut down about 3 o'clock this morning by Coroner Clarence Bruce, who is a brother of the wounded man. The excitement that followed the sensational events of last night was felt by every person in the place able to walk and the streets are crowded with curious people going to view the scenes of the two tragedies. The body of the desperado is at Wilson's undertaking establishment, and both the proprietor and his son have been compelled to stand all day at the door entreating and pleading with the morbidly curious people who clamor for a sight of the remains. Coroner Bruce knew nothing of the shooting of his brother until he returned home after midnight from holding an inquest in a distant part of the county.

It had been the intention of the mob to leave the body hanging until to-day noon, that all might come and view it, but there was no objection made to the coroner's determination to remove it. As his buggy came rattling through the dark street he had been stopped and quickly informed of the situation. It was a severe blow to him, as the two Bruce boys are nearly the same age and always were great chums. He drove at once to the south side of the jail, followed by a few friends, who accompanied him. The body was then taken to the undertaker's. It was dressed in a pair of paint-daubed trousers and a blue cotton shirt, with holes and blood stains under the left arm. It had five bullet wounds, several being through the heart, all entering within a space no larger than one's hand. Hawkins was nearly six feet high, but greatly emaciated on account of ill health. Coroner Bruce decided to hold the inquest this afternoon, and a post-mortem examination was made by Dr. Kennedy, who had been the first to attend Marshal Bruce. Squire T. J. Craycraft was appointed by the coroner to conduct the inquest, not wishing to officiate himself. After the cutting down of the body a crowd gathered, and out the rope to pieces, each one carrying off a bit as a souvenir of the only lynching which ever took place in this part of the State. The terrible affair was the sole topic of conversation in every home in Shelbyville to-day, while it was even mentioned and deplored in several of the church pulpits. All day long, however, suspiciously familiar groups of two and three men could be seen talking low and smiling with every apparent indication that they had taken part in the bloody work of last night, and what was more, they were not sorry for it. It was not advisable for a stranger to intimate too boldly that the law had been overstepped by the lynchers. A determined and frowning man would almost immediately take him up and warn him to keep his tongue between his teeth. Every one felt that the band of men was secretly keeping a watch on all suspicious persons. General congratulation was felt that only one prisoner had found death at the hands of the mob.

On a low spread pallet in the front room of his cottage in Colescott street, at day-break this morning, lay the city marshal, apparently dying. The wounded officer might have been dead for all the signs of life visible in the darkly curtained chamber. The yellow blaze of a night-lamp on a stool at the foot of the couch cast little more than enough light to exhibit the outlines of the man's pallid features. His brow was damp, his cheeks sunken, and his lips pale blue, with no sign of blood at their edges. Since 11 o'clock last night he had lain in that semi-torpid state, emitting only a gurgling cough now and then, as the flow of blood from the three wounds in his right chest compelled him to attempt to throw it off. Every hour since midnight a committee, selected from the guard of twenty desperado men who stood in squads of five at the four corners of the court-house square, left their posts and walked six blocks through the constant and heavy rain to the Bruce cottage. They were wet to the skin from the all-night watching around the jail, but still they took the drenching, true to the oath taken in the early evening to await the change for better or worse in the condition of their neighbor. It was for the purpose of informing their comrades whether or not Don Bruce still lived that the delegation paid his hourly visits to the marshal's residence. Their footsteps crunched over the water-soaked gravel walk leading to the house with the dismal cadence of pallbearers marching to the grave. Up to the porch and around the little house, under the dripping eaves, they went, until their heavy feet pounded on the back steps. A knock brought a friend from within to the door, and in answer to their anxious question came the low reply: "He's just the same, boys. Still asleep."

"Does he know it, yet?"  
"No, the doctor said we shouldn't wake him."  
"All right, we'll be back in an hour." Then the men would turn away and hasten back to the jail, reporting to their friends. The dead body of Charles Hawkins all this time swung from a limb of a maple tree about twenty steps from the jail door, turning like a sack of grain in the fitful gusts. After the banging, the mob had ostensibly dispersed, while the citizens came in flocks, striking matches beneath the corpse to view the exposed and gaping face and point out the patch of holes in the blue hickory shirt over the heart, where one of the lynchers, selected by lot, had emptied the contents of a five-shooter into the struggling form. Its feet hung within

a yard of the ground, and a tall man might reach up and touch the wound. This morbid curiosity died away as the rain increased, and finally the court-yard was deserted. Then the dark forms of the guard might be seen approaching and deploying to the four corners.

TALK OF ANOTHER LYNCHING.  
They were satisfied so far with their work, but upon retiring had decided that, should Don Bruce die, another victim should be placed alongside of the dead bully. His gray-haired father and sixteen-year-old boy were yet in jail, cowering in an upper cell. The report was current that old man Hawkins had rushed up and struck at the marshal as he fell fainting in the street, and the thought of this made them feel that he should suffer. Many expected to engage the notorious brother "Babe" Hawkins, at Smithland, five miles in the country, he would jump on his horse and gallop into Shelbyville with two revolvers in his belt, and firing would be the order. The purpose of the mob on this point, however, was kept a secret until after nearly all the people had returned to their homes. The more anxious ones, who decided to remain on the streets, mingled with the lynchers, talking freely and learning their plans.

Thus it is explained why communication was kept up with the marshal's house. It was about 5 o'clock A. M. when a Journal correspondent, who had arrived here on the 4 o'clock train, was permitted to call on HARRISON STREET (East side of Square).

Excited men rushed rapidly from door to door, declaring that the ruffian should be strung up, and the idea of a lynching was soon spoken of on every corner. No leader was necessary, and a half dozen men at a time would propose to attack the jail. About 9 o'clock the word was mysteriously passed along to a select few that a meeting was in progress near the Blue-ribbon bridge, in the extreme north end of town. Who were at the meeting was not a matter of serious thought, but the purpose was soon made known. The key was obtained and got an inkling of what to expect were told to "go to the court-house if you want to see some fun." The court-house and jail were in the same square, and are surrounded by a grove of maple trees. On Taylor street, south of the jail and opposite the square where prisoners are taken in, a crowd of almost breathless citizens packed the way from curb to curb. Presently a posse of men, wearing neither badges nor disguises of any sort, according to their own admission to-day, was seen to enter the court-yard and march to the side door of the jail. An old man, who was said to be fifty in the crowd, one man acted as leader, and gave the orders in his natural voice, loud enough to be heard across the street. The posse of men were placed at corners to watch for intruders. No intrusion was feared. The city officers had all retired. The Mayor had taken no precaution to save the three prisoners in the jail. Sheriff McDougall had retired, innocent of approaching danger. Jailor Burke slept upstairs, but he thought better than to go down when the mob arrived. A knock brought the sheriff, who opened the door, and seeing the mob rush in he regarded it as useless to resist. The key was turned, and entrance to the central cell on the first floor quickly gained. It was a long cell, with a mattress on the floor, on which Hawkins had dropped and said: "Give me time to pray."

"Too late now," said the man who had a coil of electric-light rope taken from a corner lamp. The prisoner then sprang up and fought, but, as one said, "he was hit over the head with a board and not another whimper did he utter." The man was slipped on, and knot drawn under the left ear and the men all caught the rope, dragging him out and down the stone steps lead first. A bruise on his forehead indicated with what force he had been struck. After he was hung up to the limb and the rope tied to the iron fence, a man in shirt sleeves stepped forward and drew five thin blades as rapidly as he could pull the trigger. That was all. The sheriff came out after the mob left and examined the man, finding him stone dead, left him hanging.

Continued on Second Page.

## TOILED ALL NIGHT AND DAY

Firemen and Laborers Worked Unceasingly on New York's Fallen Building.

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Sad Vigil of a Sweetheart Whose Lover Lay Beneath the Debris—Work Temporarily Stopped by Rain—Identified Dead.

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NEW YORK, Aug. 23.—When it was 2 this morning the newspapers went to press with the details of the terrible explosion calamity in Park place yesterday, and the story of the searching for dead was cut off at that hour. But there came no abatement then in the systematic and ceaseless work of the firemen. The tugging and delving, and hoisting went forward tirelessly hour after hour among the blackened timbers and the tumbled stones and brick. Occasionally there came a break in the work, when silence fell and men were hushed and one more of the lost was carried out. An electric lamp had been tacked to a post across the street from the ruins, and with its white, glaring eye stared all night over the working men and into the black, yawning chasm where yesterday a building was and where people worked and laughed with no thought of the horror to come. Two small tank lamps or torches had been brought and placed close up by the edge of the ruin, and all night their plumes of ruddy flame flared forth and lighted up the black chasm with an inferno tint. And all the while there was a constant dashing of water from two hose lines upon the wreckage. Seventy-five Italians had been placed among the ruins to assist the firemen. Two lines of men were formed from the fatal pit to the street, and the debris was passed out and along the heap which had been the front wall of the wrecked building before it belied forth and fell into the street. And all night the refuse was carried along and added to until, when the dawn came, the pile had reached up awning high.

While the newspaper presses two or three blocks away were clanging at 2 o'clock, sending, out the printed stories of the disaster, black masses of silent people were at the scene of the disaster, damped up at each end of the block against the rows of policemen who constituted the fire lines. There was little noise; two engines, each a block away, had settled to their work, and their black throats coughed less violently, but ceaselessly. And, by and by, the newsboys from Printing-house square came pattering their bare feet along the streets, and called, with subdued voices: "Extra; all about the great explosion!"

A GIRL'S SAD VIGIL.  
In a door within the police lines and close by the ruin sat a woman—a young woman—whose cheeks were scalded with tears. With folded arms, one hand tightly clutching a wet handkerchief, she sat upon a chair some one had provided, her head bent forward and her eyes constantly following the work going on above the body of a man she had loved. The light of the flaring torches glistened upon her blood-shot, pitiful eyes. Beside her, upon an iron step, sat a man who accompanied the woman. At so all night they had been watching, waiting, hoping, yet dreading to see the discovery of him whom they loved. The woman spoke seldom—only waited dumbly to see the body of her lover, for she was the affianced bride of the young man Peterson, whose father owned the restaurant where many are believed to have been killed while at lunch.

At 2 o'clock in the morning a group of firemen ceased their work; a body had been found near the spot where the lad was found dead about 10 o'clock. The body was that of a young man about thirty years old. It was terribly burned. No one there knew him. The remains were placed in the dead wagon, which stood constantly near. Then again went on the work, the firemen, with ropes and pulleys, dislodging and hauling away timbers from the pile of death, while the Italians in double lines, as carriers, worked steadily in the inferno glow of the torches. There came finally a touch of gray light filtering through the morning mists. Some had gone home to sleep. The crowds behind the policemen were much reduced, but the work went on, and on, and on. The silent fane of a dead man in the ruin was waiting as the dawn broke, and her strained and pitiful face was ghastly as the daylight grew. The strengthening light from the east lessened by degrees the cold, unsympathetic stare of the white electric eye that stared in the pit, and soon it was cut off. At 5 o'clock and ten minutes another body, that of a man about five feet seven inches tall, was taken out. In the pockets of his trousers were found 2 cents.

At 6:25 o'clock the body of a young man, apparently about nineteen years old, was found. It was clad in dark trousers and tennis shirt.

## THE POST MORTEM.

The Acting Coroner Holds an Inquest, but Makes No Return—Bruce May Recover.

SHELBYVILLE, Aug. 23.—At 1 o'clock this afternoon acting Coroner Craycraft ordered a post mortem on the body of Hawkins, the work being in charge of Dr. T. C. Kennedy, assisted by other physicians of the city. The inquest lasted for one hour. It was discovered that four balls had entered the chest on the left side of the body, just above the heart, passing through the left lung and lodging in the back part of the chest cavity. The fifth ball entered the heart. A wound upon the back of the head indicated that Hawkins had been struck by some hard instrument or had been injured while being dragged from the jail. The skull was not fractured. The circle around the neck made by the rope was a horrible sight. The neck was not broken and it is the opinion of the doctor that he died from strangulation.

This morning Babe Hawkins, a brother of Charles, came to the city, and the officers feared trouble, but the day passed without any demonstrations on his part. At noon the father and son of the dead desperado reached his man. Ex-Sheriff Magill, who

is a policeman, caught the marshal, and shot him down and Deputy Marshal Goodrich closed in on Hawkins, who by this time was surrounded by the crowd. This was shortly before 5 o'clock in the afternoon. Old man Hawkins and the boy retreated with the desperado, but some distance, and it appears the boy did not rush to his father with a fresh weapon, as was first given out. Proof of this is in the fact that Deputy Goodrich secured only the one empty revolver from Hawkins. Old man Hawkins also declared in the jail that he was not anywhere near the marshal and hence could not have assaulted him.

"I was too much afraid of being blown through," he said this afternoon at the jail. Both his wife and the lynched man's wife were on the street near the shooting. It is claimed here that Hawkins came to town yesterday with the avowed purpose of killing the marshal. The explanation is given that two weeks ago "Bert" Hawkins, the boy, a weakling, as well as one-armed, was arrested by the marshal for maliciously shooting through the show window of jeweler Artie Levinson. One of his companions was fined the next day, but "Bert" was discharged. He was arrested, however, by the marshal and the latter then made his threats. The boy claimed, however, in telling his story to-day, that deputy Goodrich, and not Bruce, arrested him, and that his father and the marshal had met repeatedly since then, and always were on good terms. However, nothing saves the most sensational stories circulated after the shooting, and before supper every body in the city knew what had happened. After dark the crowds down town filled the sidewalks.

## PREPARING THE MOB.

Excited men rushed rapidly from door to door, declaring that the ruffian should be strung up, and the idea of a lynching was soon spoken of on every corner. No leader was necessary, and a half dozen men at a time would propose to attack the jail. About 9 o'clock the word was mysteriously passed along to a select few that a meeting was in progress near the Blue-ribbon bridge, in the extreme north end of town. Who were at the meeting was not a matter of serious thought, but the purpose was soon made known. The key was obtained and got an inkling of what to expect were told to "go to the court-house if you want to see some fun." The court-house and jail were in the same square, and are surrounded by a grove of maple trees. On Taylor street, south of the jail and opposite the square where prisoners are taken in, a crowd of almost breathless citizens packed the way from curb to curb. Presently a posse of men, wearing neither badges nor disguises of any sort, according to their own admission to-day, was seen to enter the court-yard and march to the side door of the jail. An old man, who was said to be fifty in the crowd, one man acted as leader, and gave the orders in his natural voice, loud enough to be heard across the street. The posse of men were placed at corners to watch for intruders. No intrusion was feared. The city officers had all retired. The Mayor had taken no precaution to save the three prisoners in the jail. Sheriff McDougall had retired, innocent of approaching danger. Jailor Burke slept upstairs, but he thought better than to go down when the mob arrived. A knock brought the sheriff, who opened the door, and seeing the mob rush in he regarded it as useless to resist. The key was turned, and entrance to the central cell on the first floor quickly gained. It was a long cell, with a mattress on the floor, on which Hawkins had dropped and said: "Give me time to pray."

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In an interview to-day Sheriff McDougall said the men who seized him wore masks, and he could not name them.

HAWKINS WAS A TERROR.  
The general opinion gathered from the street is that Hawkins deserved his fate. The suggestion of punishment for the mob leaders is laughed at. The Hawkins family record is pointed to in justification. The dead man stabbed Officer Kelly in Kokomo over twelve years ago, for which he served eighteen months in prison. His victim died the next day. Later "Babe" Hawkins got into a difficulty at Tipton and fled to Shelby county. Sheriff McCormick, who was arrested, shot and killed him at the spot where Marshal Bruce fell yesterday, gathered a posse and went to Smithland. There occurred what is known in Shelby county as the famous Smithland battle. Old folk refer to it as they might to the battle of Tippecanoe. On that occasion "Babe" held the officers at bay single handed and escaped. Assisting the sheriff were Richard Thrall, William McGill, the deputy, and others. As they approached the house they were met by the inmates, who after volley being poured through the door. Thrall was wounded in the arm and is still crippled from the wound. Charles Hawkins was a lone brother, who jumped from a window, ran and climbed on the animal and was off. Two revolvers on the sheriff's belt. Old man Hawkins was caught by "Joll" Ferguson fleeing through the woods the next day, but the two boys made good their escape. Charles Hawkins wore a long mustache and goatee a la Buffalo Bill. He also delighted in a cowboy's hat, and his name was such a terror that it might have been used to frighten little children at night in the community. Of late years little had been heard of him. He and his boy painted for a living. Beyond coming to town one Saturday with a companion and driving in a gallop through the streets, firing off his revolver as he went, the man who was lynched said to have been having himself fairly well.

The mother remained in jail to-day, with her sixty-eight-year-old husband, and wept as she heard of the good fortune of her boy. The father has a grizzled growth of a goat's beard, coarse as sea-weed. His head is enormous and angular, as if he were out of the native of Kentucky, the marshal being an ordinary Indiana farmer, but the people here say it is his teachings that have made the boys what they are. The Bruce boys are natives of Kentucky, the marshal being almost a giant in both stature and strength.

"We've been called 'the Yazoo' of Indiana long enough," said this morning a correct source of the evils here. There are twenty-five murderers in this city to-day, walking the streets free as any of us. This might not have happened had it been any one beside Hawkins that shot the marshal, but he and his brother "Babe" have been playing the cowboy act so long in this part of the country that if we hadn't—by—excuse me (laughing)—if them fellows hadn't strung him up, some one else would."

Continued on Second Page.

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